## I HAD A FLOWER (TEXT ONLY)

On the next pages the illustrated text is set up to make a book.

I had a flower

I planted it and it grew

The soil was brown and damp.

Then the sun beat down

The soil was dry and dusty

There was no rain .The flower began to droop and die

How can I bring my flower back so that it will bloom proud again?

I had a little bird

I gave it food and water

The bird hopped and sang .Its feathers shone.

Then I went away

No one gave my little bird food or water

When I came back it was sitting sadly.

It did not sing .Its feathers were dull and droopy

How can I make it well so that it will sing again

I had a little sister

She laughed and she played and she clapped her hands

One day I came in and she was quiet and sad.

She cried but only a little.

She had made herself dirty .She smelled.

She did this every hour

Every hour she looked weaker and weaker

How can I help my little sister so that she smiles again?

I knew what to do for my flower.

I gave my flower water, not all at once but bit by bit .

My flower grew straight and beautiful again.

I knew what to do for my bird.

I gave my little bird food and water.

It pecked and drank

In a few days it began to hop and sing.

Its feathers shone

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I did not know what to do with my sister. My mother did not know.

"Perhaps we should give it medicine from the doctor", she said

Even my grandmother did not know and she knows everything.

"Perhaps we should not give her food or water" she said

So we asked my auntie. My auntie is a nurse.

"But you **must** give your sister drinks," said my auntie. "If you give her drinks and food she will get better and she will laugh and play again"

So we gave her drinks little by little. She dirtied herself again. "Oh dear" said my, grandmother

. "Don't worry" said my Aunt "she will stop soon"

You are putting back the water she has lost.

We gave her weak tea. We gave her fruit juice

We gave her water from our rice. We gave her soft food.

Slowly, slowly my little sister got better. She began to smile. She

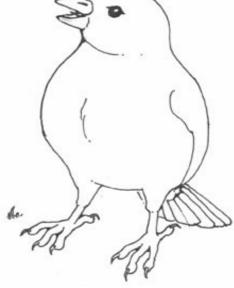
began to laugh. She began to play

She was well again.

Just like my flower

Just like my bird.

## OTHER BOOKS IN THIS SERIES





Filthy the fly

Wally the Worm

Sam and Dina

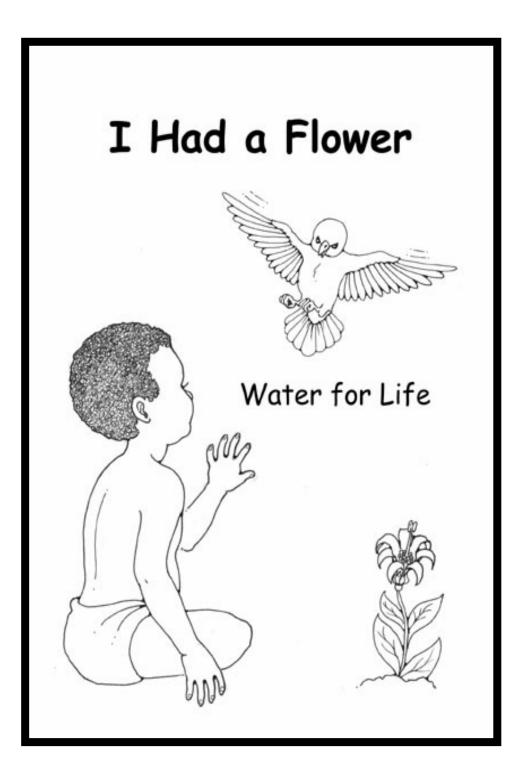
The Mango Minders

Dirty Water

Old Chicken Eyes

**Bad Medicine** 

Basim and Bloog



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The soil was dry and dusty
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So we gave her drinks day and night for two days We gave her weak tea. We gave her fruit juice We gave her water from our rice. We gave her soft food.



Slowly, slowly my little sister got better. She began to smile. She began to laugh. She began to play She was well again.
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